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PSYCHOPOMP WORK AT HOLOCAUST SITES

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Journey into the Afterlife State. Rescue and Retrieve Those Who Need Assistance.

“They die suddenly and without preparation for death. They get stuck, not even realizing they are dead.”

It was 1992. I was attending a **LIFELINE** program at the Monroe Institute. I did not realize that the direction of my life was about to be forever altered. Bob Monroe had just answered my question on how spirits can get caught between worlds; why they require what shamans call psychopomp work, a form of soul retrieval or liberation from mortal ties.

Then, I queried Bob, “what about all those millions of people who were killed in the holocaust? Who were taken from trains and hustled off to the shower rooms where zyklon B gas poured from the shower heads instead of water? Everyone was dead within fifteen minutes. No time for preparation for death; no time even for final thoughts! What about all those poor souls? Who is to free them from their karmic chains?”

Monroe, slightly staggered, replied, “We can’t do everything.” I answered, “This will be my mission in life, their liberation. This will be my sacred duty. I am a shaman and I know how to free spirits.”

And so, it happened. I went to Germany, to Poland three times, to Russia, Lithuania, and Ukraine. I went with my rattles and chimes and a pure heart and kind soul and freed trapped souls by the millions—at Sobibor, where 250,000 were killed; at Belzec, where victims numbered over 600,000; at Majdanek, where the ashes of 250,000 were in quiet repose. I went to Treblinka, where over 900,000 were inexorably trapped; at Chelmno, where the Lidice children played; at Auschwitz-Birkenau in Poland, and Panevėžysin, Lithuania; at Babi Yar in Kiev, where Romans and Russians joined the Jewish in the ranks of those whose destinies were marked by a sudden and untimely death. The deceased were so grateful to be free at last. They thanked me with a quiet but overwhelming voice of deepest respect.

To process the emotions these voices evoked, I turned to composing poetry. It was my way of turning back the tears. And, the poems transmuted these profound feelings into something sparkling and clean and surprisingly clear.

It has been the greatest honor of all my previous existences to escort these many souls across the last barrier of life by freeing them for the next cycle of their destiny. This is what shamans do, especially those fortified by a series of workshops at the Monroe Institute. Lifeline was tremendously helpful.

So, my pledge to Robert Monroe has been fulfilled. The spirits have moved on in peace and love, ready for a new and fruitful life. What a wonderful day it was when I first discovered TMI. It has provided me with a magnificent focus and a life filled with purpose and joy.

Here is one of the poems that I composed after visiting the holocaust sites. They were essential in helping me to ground and to at least pretend a typical normality—so I could blend into the conventional world.

Belzec II

"I am Jakov, the tailor, I come from Linz,
With my wife and two little boys,
We boarded a train for a work camp in
Eastern Europe somewhere near Tomaszow Lubelski."

"The car designed originally for cattle is
So crowded that the children can scarcely sit down.
And, Rebecca, my wife, bites her lips and barely
Suppresses her fear."

"I feel, deep in my bones, a most uneasy dread,
As if the Angel of Death has marked
My family and me for a final rendezvous;
An embrace within his dark and menacing wings."

"As if this somber emissary of doom, has measured us all,
For our departure clothes, shrouds that
We shall put on most reluctantly,
When we reach our distant destination."

"The train slows, stops, guards hand us
Baskets for our clothes. We must shower and
Wash off the sweat and dirt of many miles.
Look! That is the way to the bathrooms."

"Guards shove us, curse us, push us steadily forward.
Men one way, women and children another,

Sonderkommandoes, Jewish helpers, assist them.
The children cry, Rebecca weeps.
I bite the rough cloth of my bitter, black despair."

"Oh God, Dear Father, I cannot protect my family,
My heart splits-----breaks.
Oh, Mighty Yahweh, why do you abandon us?
The door opens and into the showers we plunge.
Lord spare us, the cleansing has begun!"

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